

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.
BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GUILLOTINE.

De Fournier found a comfortable bed at the Black Eagle, and slept. Physical nature rested on a stone pillow. Soldiers sleep on the hardest couch and under the coldest sky. De Fournier had only time to get out of his boots and fling off his jacket before he became oblivious to all the world.

He did not see, even in dreams, the black eagle, the faithful Joseph going to their death. Lying down at breakfast, De Fournier slept on until long after noon, at which hour Joseph and his master were led forth from their cells in the Conciergerie, with other martyrs of the Revolution, to their last sleep of all.

There had been no leave-taking to distress the two heroes, the duke and Joseph. None of their friends or relatives had been informed of the day or hour of their execution.

"It is well," said the duke; "they would have suffered more than we do, Joseph."

"Monsieur le duc, it is better as it is," said Joseph.

"Joseph, you are a brave man; you will meet your reward in heaven," said Joseph; "I am content. I have your approval, and we go on our last journey together."

"Two friends," said the duke, with a tremor in his voice that he could not control.

"Yes, monsieur; there never was a time when you were not my best friend."

"If ever I have hurt you by a harsh word, Joseph, you forgive me?" said Joseph; "I have never uttered a harsh word to me," said Joseph.

"A hasty word, perhaps, Joseph?" said Joseph; "when I merited a harsh one, you never were in fault, so I have nothing to forgive."

"But you had anything to forgive Joseph?" said the duke.

"Thank you, Joseph," said the duke, taking his servant's hand as they passed down the stairway into the courtyard.

Here the prisoners behind the railings on both sides, men and women, bent their heads, and some knelt down in prayer.

"I am glad Mathilde is not here," said the duke; "I am glad they have not told my wife."

"Yes, dear monsieur," said Joseph; "I have no more to say to you. It is kind that you let me attend you to the last, then men who are otherwise so cruel."

"They are mad, Joseph, mad," said the duke; "one of these days they will be eaten up by their successors, who will be madder than they."

"We are wanted now," said Joseph; "the chief priest of the guillotine, standing amidst his assistants, pointed to the stools upon which they were to sit while they were prepared for the tumbrils that were already drawn up in the outer prison yard, awaiting their passengers."

The duke, bowing to the three-looking attendants of the guillotine, took his seat. Joseph was permitted to sit by his side. Within a few moments the hair of both fell from the shears of the barbers of Louisette, and the duke's high collar was cut down, so as to leave his neck open for the easier and more certain fall of the knife.

Then the hands of the prisoners were tied behind their backs, and they were forced toward the gates into the outer prison yard.

There was some commotion of preparation, confusion of voices and commands, backing of horses, and selecting of numbers. The order of procession was, however, quickly arranged. The gates were opened. Here was posted an advanced guard of troops. The former fell into four, and marched. The rearward awaited the tumbrils. They were received with inhuman shouts and yells by a vast concourse of men and women, intoxicated with morbid emotions, drunk with homicidal mania, vengeful, miserable wretches, flinging up the bare heads, cocked hats and red caps with tricolour ribbons and rays of every hue; with young women, almost girls, who might have been beautiful but for their distorted features; with grim, raw-boned amazons, and gaunt, lantern-jawed men in every kind of costume, good and bad, and armed with muskets, pikes, scythes, swords, and here and there a pikefork. Amongst them was Madame Angélique, thinner and more like a witch than ever. She chanted her biblical maledictions, but her words were lost in the howling of the mob. Nobody heeded her. Now and then she looked around upon the scene with strange inquiring glances. She was a maniac, and was no longer responsible to herself or to humanity generally.

There was one other spectator among the crowd, in whom we are interested. It was Pierre Grappin, Madame Angélique's husband. If he had not named him you would not have recognised him, so changed was he, so bettered. The wound which he received in the fight near the Lion d'Or had cut his face almost in twain; he had, indeed, a divided countenance. Some people laughed at it. The carriage of the hostile sword had given it the effect of a curious grin; but the loving hands of Pierre's sister had saved the man's life, and his heart was just as good as ever. Moreover, the mask with which he was now provided had probably saved him from the death to which the duke and Joseph were heroically marching. Nor was Pierre less muscular, less broad in the chest, less powerful in the arms—as we may have yet occasion to note—than when he was master of the Lion d'Or.

Pierre had become accustomed to see his wife among the seam of the revolutionary multitude in the streets and around the guillotine, but had long since ceased to hope that she might be saved. His first impulses had been

directed towards a rescue through the Church, but second thoughts and his sister's good advice showed him the futility of any attempt that he might make, while, at the same time, any risk of exposing his own identity would assuredly mean his death. He had accustomed himself, therefore, to regard his life as of the past. This woman whom they called Angélique, was some other being, a travestie, a freak, nothing that belonged to him or his. It was hard to get into this frame of mind, but he achieved it; and he found his best protection in a tricolour cockade and his disguised face. As they stood awaiting their turn, in the presence of the guillotine, it might have been a passing, but sweet, sensation of comfort if Joseph and his master could have caught the sympathetic eye of Pierre Grappin, who stood quite near them, the tears rolling down his scarred cheeks.

Permit me to this your friend, said Joseph, with a bow, passed on to go first, and Pierre, who had been waiting, laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my muff-box, monsieur, as a souvenir of this last concession; it is in my waistcoat; they were good enough to leave it."

"I want none of your snuff-box," said Joseph; "to this your friend, said Joseph, with a bow, passed on to go first, and Pierre, who had been waiting, laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my muff-box, monsieur, as a souvenir of this last concession; it is in my waistcoat; they were good enough to leave it."

"You are the best of us, Joseph," said the duke; "say a good word for me in that other land."

He had barely finished the sentence, as it seemed to him, gazing into the sky, beyond with a pensive and faithful hope, when Joseph's devoted head rolled into Sanon's basket, and the duke was assisted up the steps, amidst cries of "A mort les aristocrates!" "Mort aux tyrans!" "Vive la République!"

The fine old man, bound as he was, came down from heaven to earth for moment, and faced the yelling crowd with defiant eyes and scornful lips.

"Let him speak," shouted a hundred voices. "Let him cry for mercy!"

There was a sudden lull.

"Man cries for mercy to God," said the duke; "not to fends. Vive la France!"

The next moment the duke was the happiest man of all that writhing crowd; he was dead.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DE FOURNIER MEETS AN UNEXPECTED ALIAS AT THE BLACK EAGLE.

Pierre Grappin had a humble lodging at the Black Eagle, and helped the sale of the ancient tavern in his business. He had seen De Fournier come in, and had recognised him, in spite of his rage and the blood and mud upon his garments.

It was natural, therefore, that De Fournier should find Pierre at hand when he woke, late in the afternoon, in pain. Happily, his wounds were of no particular account. Pierre had asked permission to wait upon the new-comer.

"Are you much hurt?" he said, as De Fournier turned over and groaned.

"Not so much as you have been, my friend," said De Fournier, staring at Pierre's terrible face.

"You don't know me?" said Pierre.

"No; yet your voice seems familiar."

"It was once; my face also."

"God!" exclaimed De Fournier, dragging himself into a sitting posture.

"It cannot be Pierre!"

"Yes, it can," said Pierre; "and it is."

"My dear fellow!" said De Fournier.

"They gave me a mask, you see, those damned gendarmes on horseback."

"Dear old Pierre, we will give them masks that don't speak, yet."

"You are a saint, said Pierre.

"There is only one way now."

"What is that?"

"The way out of Paris."

"What, emigration?"

"No, retreat."

"Desert Paris?"

"No, fly from hell," said Pierre.

"Yet you say, my sister, thank God, is in England. I shall join her, when you and yours are safe."

"And you are thinking of that?"

"Yes; to wait over yonder for better times."

"I would rather die fighting," said De Fournier.

"What is the good of fighting? You might as well fire small shot at a thunderbolt. Fight for one thing, Monsieur de Fournier—to get away, and come back with the white flag that are gathering for victory."

"Ah, Pierre, I don't care to join the foreign enemies. I would rather rather than ride side by side with the Carnegies, women with breasts bared to the sharp air that was bleak and cutting, despite the sunshine that glittered upon the keen blades of the troops and spotted the ends of pikes with star-like glints of light in which there were splashes of red."

Joseph, with flying hair and red caps with tricolour ribbons and rays of every hue; with young women, almost girls, who might have been beautiful but for their distorted features; with grim, raw-boned amazons, and gaunt, lantern-jawed men in every kind of costume, good and bad, and armed with muskets, pikes, scythes, swords, and here and there a pikefork. Amongst them was Madame Angélique, thinner and more like a witch than ever. She chanted her biblical maledictions, but her words were lost in the howling of the mob. Nobody heeded her. Now and then she looked around upon the scene with strange inquiring glances. She was a maniac, and was no longer responsible to herself or to humanity generally.

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would like to have had the carving of the man who did it!"

"Nay," said Pierre, with a grin. "I did his business at the time; and pretty completely, I can tell you."

"And what became of those poor devils of Swiss, Pierre?"

"They took the one who couldn't speak French; the other two are among the masqueraders of Paris, I think—porters, warders, barbers, shoemakers, or something."

"What a life it is!" said De Fournier.

"Life!" exclaimed Pierre. "It's a dance of death; and mind you, the Black Eagle is no longer the fair place it was. Spies and police agents are drawing their nets over every pool, and through every dip in the most private streams. You will be wise in getting out of this."

"I have thought of that, Pierre."

"Where will you go?"

"To my wife, Pierre."

"Yes, I know a few secrets of the Hôtel de Fournier."

Half an hour later De Fournier sallied forth. He had better have waited until it was dark. Unless, perchance, Fate had ordained it otherwise. In the street, outside the yard of the Black Eagle, he met, almost face to face, a comely gendarme, accompanied by Laroché, and followed by a number of curious spectators. The officers had been investigating the locality. De Fournier had left several loungers in the Black Eagle yard, three of them members of the White Butts; others strangers to him, one of them talking earnestly to Pierre, who, as several of the others, was armed. Pierre was leaning on a formidable pike. De Fournier, as he went out, wondered whether this was a pretence of Republican fervour or a real defence against it.

Laroché fixed his keen eyes upon De Fournier almost the moment he appeared outside the Black Eagle gate. De Fournier also saw Laroché. Both drew their swords simultaneously, but as Laroché advanced with his guard De Fournier wisely retreated. He dashed into the yard at a run. In an instant he had the loungers at his back. Before a word could be spoken the two were away, each to his throat. The gendarmes had no time to prime their muskets. They came on with the bayonet. In less than no time a dozen of them were hors de combat.

"Up the stairway to the roof," said Pierre, backing, with De Fournier, to a dark open doorway. De Fournier, as he went, saw Laroché. There are timbers across the street; make for the Luxembourg."

De Fournier slipped into the passage, and began to ascend.

"After him!" commanded Laroché, leading the way, but pulled up sharply by Pierre.

There was only room for one inside the passage, and two could not combat for the entrance. The first man fell back with a thrust of Pierre's pike, and Laroché found himself in the breach.

"Give way, in the name of the Law!" he said, pointing his sword at Pierre's breast.

"Give way, in the name of hell!" yelled Pierre, with an ugly thrust at Laroché. "You bloody-minded ruffian!"

Laroché staggered, but came up again with the boldness of a wounded lion. Pierre fell upon him with a roar, as a tiger mauls, and literally pinned him to the earth. Pierre's pike, he jumped upon it, and stabbed it again. Then he flourished his pike and growled, and looked so much like the devil himself that the combatants fell back and were silent, as if by mutual consent, in presence of this weird over-whelming sight; it was hideous. No one seemed inclined to approach him, either to contend against him or rescue Laroché, who gasped his last while they stood still, fascinated by his grim assault.

Then some one shouted, "Fire upon him from the street!" and the gendarmes who could move dashed into the street to take their chance of a pot-shot at De Fournier as he climbed forth upon the roof.

Pierre turned Laroché over with his pike, as if the Government agent had been carrion, and spat upon him.

"Messieurs," he said, turning to the lookers on, the living and the dying, "God is good!"

With which remark he shouldered his pike, and disappeared within the dark entry.

De Fournier had made his way to a narrow door on the upper story. Here was a short ladder. He mounted it, and came out upon a wide parapet or gutter-way, walked along it a short distance, and reconnoitred.

He could hear voices in the street below. They were evidently the voices of his pursuers. He climbed a sliding roof, between two chimneys. On the other side he saw a narrow street, the houses in which, here and there, appeared to be propped with supporting timbers. It was an old-fashioned street. It had balconies and verandahs and wooden shutters, and there was a house with a limp in his right leg, which was both a tradesman's sign. He selected, as a desirable point of escape, a balk of timber that was stretched between a house a few yards further up the street and one of a better class of building, with a large balcony in front of it. If he could swing across the timber he might drop into the balcony, and so to the street; or, barring that, even find his way through the house, if it were as empty as it appeared to be.

He made his way along the roof, until he came to the plank or balk of timber. He climbed down it, and looked into the general stillness. He could hear shouts that seemed to be far away. He launched himself forth upon the planking, feet downward, making his way hand over hand. He had hardly made his first movement towards the other side of the street, when there came a rushing of feet, and the Black Eagle yard to take their chance of shooting the fugitive from the street.

A dozen pairs of eyes saw him at once. A dozen voices cried, "Shoot him!" And as De Fournier swung himself over the spot where he had intended to make for the balcony below, several muskets shots awoke the dull roar of the place, and De Fournier dropped into the balcony and disappeared from view.

At the same moment there appeared, at the edge of the parapet from which De Fournier had climbed, the figure of Pierre, heroic against the fading light of the afternoon. He stood upright, as if he had seen the safest ground, his pike in his left hand, his right

hand, with clenched fist, threatening the crowd.

"Cowards!" he shouted, in his big clear voice. "Scound!"

Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, Pierre was gone.

After him, showed the men in the street, one Laroché had shouted when De Fournier disappeared in the Black Eagle yard.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IT WAS A SPACIOUS BALCONY. At some time or other fair ladies might have sat there to see gallant precessions pass along the narrow picturesque street below.

De Fournier staggered as he landed here. The outlets of the room, which he had shot away his hat. Otherwise he was untouched. He ran his hands over his body inquiringly. The scramble across the street had over-ruled his muscles; but there was no blood upon his clothes. He had the use of all his limbs. Unfortunately, he had dropped his sword. He had a powerful knife in his belt, which Pierre had given him. He drew this, and looked around him. First he glanced at the distance to the ground. This was too great for a drop, with anything like safety. Nor were there any means of climbing down.

He went into the room that gave upon the balcony. It was a large square apartment. The window was open. He wondered if it would be wise to enter. There was a broad old oak seat beneath the window. He might do worse than try his fortune here. While he was hesitating, shouts came from the street below. They were his pursuers, he thought. This decided him. He leapt lightly upon the old oak seat, and thence to the floor.

A large wainscotted room. No doorways apparent. They were, no doubt, either for secrecy or artistic effect. The room was large. Two large maps covered a part of the walls, one of France, the other of Europe. A hat and cloak hung upon a peg close by. At one end of the room were seats, a massive table, with papers scattered about, and a tall arm chair; at the other a rail was fixed, with side bar, and a large window. The whole place had a magisterial appearance.

"A judge's room?" said De Fournier, as he asked himself a question. "Or a commissary of police? I had better get out of this."

He looked about for a door; but could find none. Then he went to the table, and examined the papers.

"Grébaud's room!" he exclaimed. "I'm lost!" at the same time drawing his knife from its leathern case, and buttoning his coat across his chest.

Almost at the same moment a door opened, and closed with a creak. De Fournier turned, and saw Grébaud who had entered the room.

"Grébaud!" exclaimed De Fournier.

"De Fournier!" responded Grébaud. "And it is you whom the patriot citizens are hunting for?"

As he spoke the cries in the street came and noisily in at the open window.

"I have that honour," said De Fournier. "They are your comrades."

"They are looking for your body, but some of our patriot soldiers have not learnt to shoot as well as they will with a little more practice," said Grébaud.

"It is a pity you do not train them upon the enemies of France," said De Fournier, not thinking much about what he was saying, but watching every movement of his enemy, who drew his sword.

"I must come to their assistance," he said.

The sounds in the street stopped.

"They are coming round by the stairway," said Grébaud.

De Fournier began to edge for the window.

"No, citizen, not that way. Your hour has come. I am going to kill you to pieces by the mob."

Grébaud was livid. He looked devilish.

"Give me a sword," said De Fournier. "Don't add my murder to your other crimes."

"What is the good of a sword to you?" said Grébaud, intercepting De Fournier's advance towards the window, and approaching him with a tigerish look in his eyes. "Don't you remember when we once before crossed swords, a combat of your own seeking, an assassination it might have been, for you did not know that a civilian was also master of the gentleman's weapon?"

De Fournier remembered it only too well.

"If my father was your father, as they say, you gave signs of his gallant blood for once, and that was when you gave me back my sword."

"Cursing you and your father!" exclaimed Grébaud. "It is God's righteous judgment upon you that I kill you; and he advanced slowly upon De Fournier, without raising his feet from the floor, gliding towards him, gripping his sword, but with a hand trembling with suppressed passion.

"You are the better swordsman," said De Fournier, not willing to die ignominiously, "and claim to be a gentleman, at least give yourself the satisfaction of killing me honourably—make it a duel to the death, but give me a sword."

Grébaud was peculiarly conscious of his opponent's eyes, which were fixed, not upon his, but upon his mouth, for it is there the fighting man looks for the forecasted action of his enemy.

"I have lived for this day," said Grébaud. "I have prayed for it at heaven and to hell; have given my soul for it. Damn you! You offer of nobility!" Grébaud hissed the words between his teeth, his eyes blazing with a fury which he endeavoured to control.

Then, suddenly catching at the expected retreat of De Fournier, who had hitherto kept his right arm in something of a position of defence which might mean a possible seizure of Grébaud's sword-arm, he lunged with tremendous force upon his opponent.

Quick as lightning, and with the keenness of a man who has been through many terrible chances by courage and audacity, De Fournier crouched as Grébaud lunged himself forward, and caught his assailant by his sword-wrist, caught him, happily, with his right hand, and after a short struggle, twisted Grébaud's arm, and dislodged it from its socket. His sword fell with a clatter upon the floor.

Above the noise of the struggle came the shouts of a mob on the stairs. De Fournier, letting his assailant fall, took his knife in his right hand. Gré-

baud reached out his left hand for his sword, and with a herculean effort got upon his feet. De Fournier, without a word, seized him by the throat, and stabbed him to death, flinging him to the ground with a thrust that shook the room.

De Fournier was moved by no feeling of revenge. Self-preservation was his impulse. The shouts of the mob passed by the door and went further along the corridors. He thrust his knife into its sheath, and was already upon the window seat, intending to risk a leap from the street, when the door through which Grébaud had entered swung open once more, and clicked back with a sound like the snap of a pistol. His hand upon his knife, De Fournier turned to meet the anxious gaze of Jeffrey Elliott.

"My God, it's you!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"Jeffrey!" said De Fournier, coming down from the seat.

"You've killed him?" said Jeffrey.

"To save my own life."

"Will you help me?"

"To the death," Jeffrey replied.

"Quick, then," said the count; "strip him."

De Fournier at once began to untie the tricolour sash and unbutton the deputy's coat.

"You will personate him?" said Jeffrey. "It is an inspiration! For-ward with you. Here are his hat and cloak."

Jeffrey took down from their peg on the wall the deputy's grey cloak and three-cornered hat with its familiar cockade, and flung them to the count.

Already De Fournier was half undressed. It was an easy matter for him, he had no time to turn about and rendered buttonless.

To get into the dead man's vest and coat and sash was the work of a few minutes; to change pantaloons was a more difficult task.

The change must be complete," said De Fournier, breathless with exertion, "and the benefits are coming back."

"I will stop them," said Jeffrey, rushing to the other side of the room and disappearing by the door through which a day or two previously, Grébaud had conducted Laroché.

As he suggested the door from his narrow perch, De Fournier heard Jeffrey directing the crowd to proceed in another direction, and the mob passed by the door.

It was a daring piece of strategy. Jeffrey was back again in a few minutes. The ways of the Grébaud hotel and bureau were fortunately complicated.

"And now to dress him," said De Fournier, pulling the dead man into a sitting attitude.

At last the ghastly work was done. A mob in the street could be heard planting a ladder against the balcony, and a group of men were seen to be passing up the stairs.

The pursuers did not know whose balcony they were about to scale.

"Sit at the desk," said Jeffrey; "this is his chair. Let them enter. They know how bitterly cool he could be on occasion. Let them think they shot him. I will come to you. I hear footsteps on the outer stair. Laroché may come by way of the Palais de Justice, and he would be familiar with this habit of the deputy. Now, my friend, to prove that you are a good actor."

Jeffrey left the room. De Fournier, as Grébaud, took up a pen and began to write over some papers on the desk. His hand trembled, and his heart beat wildly. It was with difficulty that he could sit still, as the noises of the approaching crowd increased, and the three-cornered hat of a gendarme appeared above the last rung of the ladder.

(To be continued.)

SEARCHING SOCIALISTS' HOUSES.

The German police have made a raid on the houses of the Socialist members of the Reichstag, and the leaders of the Socialist party outside Parliament. A thorough search has been made in each case, and all the papers, letters, and documents relating to the affairs of the party were impounded.

It is reported that this action of the police is founded on some infringement of the Prussian law on the right of association.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"The Red Terror," (Cassell), by Edward King. The story of the reign of the Communists at Paris after the victorious Germans had gone home. It is written with great vividness, and cannot fail to find favour among boys. That part of the story which deals with the "Woman of the Temple" (Tower Publishing Co.), an exciting action which seems likely to equal, if not surpass, the interest of the author's works. The present work has the further advantage of being exceptionally well printed on good, thick paper, a matter of no slight importance at a time when so many books suffer from impaired eyesight. Mr. Le Quex has quite a gift for sustaining the interest of his tales to the very end, while his characterisation is always clearly and effectively put. A charming little gift book for the younger generation is Mr. Andrew Lang's "My Own Fairy Book" (Arrow). It contains a full and complete set of tenderness and grace, while the

OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

Lady Hallé will shortly celebrate the 50th anniversary of her first appearance in public, and the 25th of her debut in London. In order to commemorate the occasion it is proposed that a testimonial shall be presented to the famous artist. The list of ladies and gentlemen who form the committee includes distinguished members of almost every profession, and so many names are given that it is impossible to quote them in this column. I will mention, however, that Sir W. Agnew has kindly undertaken to be treasurer, and cheques should be sent to him, or Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., and crossed "The Lady Hallé Testimonial Fund."

The production of "Ivanhoe" at the Berlin Opera House on Tuesday does not appear to have been received with much enthusiasm; but the Emperor and Empress, who were both present, appeared greatly pleased. After the performance their majesties sent for Sir Arthur Sullivan and thanked and congratulated him. Sir Arthur was also called before the curtain at the close of the opera.

It was almost arranged that Herr Mott should give a concert before the Queen at Windsor previous to his departure from London; but I hear that circumstances have occurred to prevent the arrangement.

I am glad to say that Mr. Frederick Cowen has undertaken to compose an orchestral work for the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Cowen will probably go to America in May to produce his "Transfiguration" at the Cincinnati Festival. He has also been asked to conduct several of his works at other important concerts in America.

At the Purcell celebration in Westminster Abbey Dr. Bridge wore the splendid robes which were presented to him by the Dean and Chapter after 20 years' service at the Abbey as organist. It is said that the garments cost £50.

I am sorry to hear that Miss Clara Butt is ordered to spend the winter abroad, owing to ill health. I hope that this report is not true, and that she is simply going to Paris for rest and further study of the art in which she has made such rapid progress lately.

The Guildhall School of Music students are having a busy time lately. On Thursday they are to appear in "Elijah" at Queen's Hall, and they are also rehearsing Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Princess Ida." Sir Joseph Barnby will, of course, conduct both performances, and it is hoped that Mr. Gilbert will superintend the final stage rehearsals of the opera.

Mr. N. Vert is now sole agent for Master Jean Gerardy, the marvellous boy cellist.

I am sure a great many people will respond to Mrs. Henschel's appeal for funds to support Miss Kennedy's Orphan School for the Children of Musicians. The charity is warmly supported by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Walter Macfarlane; while Mrs. Franklin Taylor, Mrs. Visetti, and Mrs. Henschel have done much for it.

The Stock Exchange Orchestra and Choral Society give their first concert of the 11th season on Tuesday evening at Queen's Hall. Spohr's concerto for two violins and orchestra will be performed by Mrs. Douglas Scott and Madame Emily Skinner. The vocalist will be Miss Marian Mackenzie, and a selection of glee and part songs is also included in the programme.

When the young pianist, Eugene d'Albert, re-appears in England next year he will be accompanied by his newly-married wife, Fri. Hermione Fink, a young singer of some repute at the Weimar Opera House.

South Africa having become rich is naturally ready to pay for amusement, and I am told that dramatic and musical talent are making fortunes out there. In consequence of the great success obtained by the Santley and Sir Charles Hallé tours, several more companies have been sent out, and are doing well, as they are paid three or four times as much as they get in this country.

Sad to say, the last Sarasate concert takes place at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, and some time must then elapse before we hear the Spanish violinist's magic tones and wonderful playing. The programme of the final concert includes Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, and a new romance for violin, "Kia Sevilla," composed by Señor Sarasate.

There will be banjo concerts given at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday in the afternoon and in the evening. The popular Pierrot banjo team will appear, assisted by all the best banjo and mandoline talent in London.

Mr. Minshall has started another series of the Saturday evening concerts for the people, which he has made so popular at Exeter Hall. The concerts begin at 7.30, and terminate before 10, thus enabling people to have a few pleasant hours of music and return home before the Strand is thronged with the crowds from the theatres later on.

I see that Master Basil Gauntlett, a pupil of the well-known composer and teacher, Signor Carlo Ducci, is to appear at a piano-forte recital on Wednesday week. The boy is said to be very clever and worthy of his master's teaching.

The last Rosenthal recital will take place on Monday week at St. James's Hall. On the same afternoon Madame Albani will give a grand concert at Queen's Hall, when she will be assisted by Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Johannes Wolf, M. Hollman, and Signor Pugno.

The South Wales Festival, which Sir Joseph Barnby will direct next June, has no connection whatever with the Cardiff Festival, the two festivals being quite distinct.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

A most interesting discussion on the fragments of a skeleton supposed to belong to the missing link, which would connect the monkeys with man, took place at a meeting of the Anthropological Institute on Monday evening last. The fragments, consisting of the cap of a skull, a thigh bone, and two teeth, were found in Java, and their discoverer has no doubt that they belonged to one and the same skeleton, consequently he is convinced that they belong to a man-like animal. Whichever may be the case, before the public are convinced of the former existence of such an interesting creature, a more complete skeleton will have to be forthcoming.

The gulls this winter seem to be invading London in even greater forces than last. From the bridges and the Embankment of the Thames I have noticed large flocks of them, and others have apparently made a "hunting ground" of the lake in St. James's

Park; at any rate, I have observed many of the birds there. On the last occasion of their visit, I remarked in this column that I believed the cold weather was not the only cause of their coming so far inland, but that it was a case of a re-visitation with their young and other followers to a place where they found food in plenty, and that their numbers would increase year by year. It would appear that these expectations have been realised, for up to the present time we have had no hard weather to drive the birds from their haunts, and, as mentioned above, they are as numerous as last year, if not more so.

The English sparrow in America, of which I wrote last week, finds in that country a great enemy in the shrike. This bird is not at all shy there, and visits the parks and outskirts of the towns, and wages an eternal war against the noisy and gregarious sparrow that has driven many of the singing birds away from the places they were accustomed to frequent. In North America the shrike is perhaps not so numerous as in America, and that possibly is the reason of its being more wary and shy of coming too near our dwellings. It consequently makes depredations on the young of other birds that build away from houses, rather than on those of the ever-present and too prolific sparrow.

The shrike is a peculiar bird in its habits, and though not classed with the birds of prey (that is the owl and hawk) it certainly is one. It feeds chiefly on beetles and the young of birds, mice and voles, and lizards. It is not a very common bird, but it is caught, but they are carried to its perch and impaled upon thorns, and there they hang till the bird requires them on a future occasion. This habit has caused the shrike to be named the "butcher bird." It is furnished with a strong hooked beak like the hawk, which enables it to tear its food to pieces more easily.

The duty of the incubation of eggs is generally undertaken entirely by the female bird. There are, however, some males that share this duty and take it in turns at sitting on the eggs. Amongst these is the ostrich, in some countries its breeding habits have been well observed. The birds when paired first of all accouple on a nest in the sand, and the female deposits in it an egg every other day until about a dozen are laid; the male and female then start the business of incubation, which takes about six weeks. The female sits during the day and the male by night. Each day every egg is turned over by the birds, so that the developing chick shall not be always in the same position.

The ostrich's egg is very good eating, and I have been told that by roasting or boiling must be given it before it is cooked. It measures nearly 18 inches in length, and about 15 inches at its broadest part, and weighs considerably over 3lb. Comparing the size and weight of one of these eggs with those of a good-sized fowl's egg, we shall see that it equals about 24 of them, and is therefore sufficient for a good many breakfasts.

When considering the numerous enemies of the herring, it is surprising that the sea yield a constant supply to the enormous demands that are made for this fish. As soon as they are hatched, the young herring are taken by the chief of the herring fish, but above all of the mackerel. When a shoal of these fish invade a herring's nursery they devour immense quantities of the fry. After the herring leave their nurseries and get into deeper water other foes in the shape of cod, skate, ray, sharks, dolphins, porpoises, and whales are ready to receive them. In fact, wherever a shoal of herrings is come across there are sure to be found many attendant enemies, making constant attacks upon it, and ever diminishing it in size.

The additions to the Zoological Society's menagerie during the fortnight ending Nov. 26 include 2 young lions, a puma, 4 Poi honey eaters, a kittingake, a four-lined snake, a bonnet monkey, a smooth-headed capuchin, a bearded lizard, a diamond snake, 2 Barbary wild sheep, a great northern diver, and a white-backed piping crow.

THE ACTOR.

The chief feature of the past theatrical week has been the withdrawal—sudden from the point of view of the ordinary playgoer—of "The Swordsman's Daughter," Her Advocate, and The Manxman. The first of these three, though it had not been running as long as the other two, had nevertheless had a career of three months' duration, which is by no means so bad. Personally, I am rather surprised that the piece has done so well, for it seemed to me altogether overladen with the duelling and fencing element. A little of that sort of thing goes a long way.

"Her Advocate," too, has not done so very badly. It has run a few days over the two months. Here, again, I was unable myself to prophesy for the play a very protracted course. It was admirably acted throughout, but it did not seem so popular as "The Manxman." The latter, which was the strongest scene in the play—the interview between prisoner and counsel in the prison—was positively the weakest. The endeavour to strengthen the plot by the prefixing of a prologue was not sufficiently successful to give the work new life; nor did the new little front piece tend to mend matters.

"The Manxman" has had precisely a fortnight's existence in London. It is generally understood that Mr. Wilson Barrett wrote it on the basis of a scenario supplied by Mr. Hall Caine. I venture to think that it has been so settled as soon as the first-night "notices" appeared. Those that I read struck me as having just that half-hearted tone which so depresses the intending playgoer. I did not see the version which Mr. Barrett produced in the provinces, but it appears to have been superior, dramatically, to that which was presented at the Shaftesbury. And no doubt, too, it was much helped by Mr. Barrett's acting.

Yet another withdrawal is that of "Poor Mr. Pottion," which took place on Monday. In this case the run will have lasted a little over five weeks. "The New Boy" is to be revived, and it will be interesting to see Mr. Grouth and Miss Homfrey again in the rôles in which they were so diverting. Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Volpe, and Mr. Varden will also be available for their old parts. Miss Leno Dene, who, I am told, is to take the rôle of "The Maid," is a very fine actress. Misses Dorothy, Hetty, and Kathleen Dene, of whom Miss Kathleen is now on tour with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, while Miss Hetty is playing the title part of "An Artist's Model" in the country.

Against the changes taking place at the Vaudeville, the Shaftesbury, the Adelphi, and the Duke of York's, may be placed the signs of popular acceptability visible at the Savoy, where there is to be (in addition to the Saturday matinees) a series of special matinees of "The Mikado," namely, on Dec. 4, 11, 18, and 25. It is pleasant to find "The Mikado" so well received, for it suggests that the Gilbert-Sullivan combination is still a power in the playgoing world. Moreover, the opera is so exceedingly well mounted and interpreted that it would have been a thousand pities if the public had not taken kindly to the revival.

The matinees of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum begin on Wednesday. When there are performances in the afternoon there

will be none in the evening, because Mrs. Patrick Campbell's health is not equal to the strain of playing Juliet twice in one day. But the demand for afternoon representations shows how much interest is being taken in the production by the suburban public, which is the chief patron of the matinees. After Christmas, of course, all the matinees at the Lyceum will be devoted to the pantomime; so those who want to see "Romeo and Juliet" in the afternoon must hurry up.

It is wonderful how a single artist, gifted with a sympathetic personality, and possessing the skill born of experience, can lift up a performance which, without him or her, has been comparatively dull and spiritless. Such a feat is being achieved nightly at the Lyric Theatre, where Miss Florence St. John's accession to the cast has produced a new life in the drama that opera delighted. It is not only that Miss St. John's singing and acting are charming in themselves; it is that she has, by her electric influence, brightened and lightened the whole representation. Her colleagues second her admirably, and the piece is thoroughly enjoyable.

OLD IZAAK.

The Thames is getting into fair order, and if no great amount of rain falls, will soon be in capital condition. Dr. Parkhurst, fishing with Mr. Bridge at Teddington early in the week, caught eight jack, scaling 40lb. in all (the largest weighing 5lb.), and Mr. Hemmings, in the same locality, ran 13 jack in four hours, of which 4 were landed. Mr. Lyons, also fishing there, had 4 jack and a quantity of roach and dace, as the result of half a day's sport.

At Staines Charles Hone has been getting some good roach, and at Hampton Court Mr. Budd has taken a number of fine fish, some of them scaling 1lb. each. A bank angler, fishing near the lock, secured a jack of 7lb. John Knight, at Kingston, has put up his customers well among the roach and dace, and takes of from two to eight dozen are reported.

The Lea is in tolerably good fishing order, but somehow the fish do not seem in a feeding humour, and there are scarcely any takes to report. Several matches (chiefly in connection with the good things of Christmas) are now coming off, and it is to be hoped the competitors will meet with luck, and that we may have better results to chronicle.

The gales have stopped all sea fishing, but when the weather moderates good catches ought to be the rule. On Friday week last (a fine and warm day) there were no less than 24 anglers on the pier at Deal, and many fish were caught. One angler took 23 plaice, cod, and whiting, and his wife caught 15, affording both capital sport.

The mention of Deal reminds me that Mr. T. R. Sachs, P.P.S. (now permanently located there) has just entered his 82nd year. The old veteran is in excellent health and spirits, and his fair hair to live to even a greater age than that of Isaac Walton. He was a member of the Piscatorial Society, and his health was heartily drunk at their last gathering.

Mr. Alderman Nuttall, of Kingston, presided over a well-attended meeting of the Thames Angling Preservation Committee on Tuesday last. The financial statement showed a balance of only £28 7s. 7d. in hand, but this, it is hoped, will soon be supplemented by a donation from the Re-stocking and Preservation Fund, or other sources, for funds are greatly needed. It was announced that the Conservancy Board had issued notices pointing out the illegality of leaving rye-pecks in the river, to mark baited swims, and a letter was also read from them, stating that they had no intention of adding any more names to the list of those privileged to net in the tidal part of the river below Deal. The river-keepers' dinner was arranged for.

The members of the Kingston Piscatorial Society had a jack competition last week, with no satisfactory result. Messrs. Sand, Drinkwater, and Woodall took 1 jack each, but the fish being undersized were, of course, returned to the river. The new Anchor Club, of which Mr. Sand is president, has a prize competition for the same occasion when the first prize fell to Mr. Purdie, with a roach of 14lb.

I am pleased to note that the Corinthian Angling Society, lately dissolved, has not T.A.P.S., and is forwarding in their collecting box, Mr. H. Stallibrass, a fine silver trophy. The hon. sec. has awarded a further donation to help the good cause. I hope the preservation collection generally will show a good result, and that the societies it is intended to benefit may speedily receive an award.

The Piscatorial Society's meeting at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday last was very largely attended, and the programme of paper of "The aims and objects of the Thames Angling Preservation Society," was so far successful that a resolution thanking the T.A.P.S. for the good work accomplished in the due preservation of the river was unanimously passed. Dr. Coates ably occupied the chair. Mr. James Bailey, M.P., who had the honour of receiving the T.A.P.S. trophy, and the meeting was further honoured by the presence of many anglers of other societies, by whom the society's museum was much admired. Mr. C. H. O'Dowd was again the successful angler with a chub and roach from Datchett.

The great event of the evening (the angling event of the year) was the presentation of a splendid testimonial to Mr. W. J. Wade, secretary of the Central Association, subscribed for by a large number of clubs and anglers of all classes. The presentation was gracefully made by Mr. James Bailey, M.P., who was surrounded by many leading anglers, including representatives of the principal angling societies of London. Mr. Wade was received with deafening cheers on rising to respond, and the proceedings throughout were most enthusiastic. Mr. T. Crumpleton (vice-chairman), Mr. J. Disney, Mr. W. H. Brougham (T.A.P.S.), and Mr. E. Foreman (Piscatorial Society) were among the subsequent speakers, and the thanks of the meeting were warmly tendered to the chairman before the proceedings closed. Mr. Bailey, in reply, assured the meeting that angling interests would always have his best attention, and he was proud to have presided over such a gathering. The occasion will be a memorable one in the history of the Central Association, and great praise is due to Messrs. Elsmore and Parkin, and the testimonial committee, generally, for the magnificent success achieved.

I was glad to hear Mr. Wade lay down such a definite policy for the Central Association when responding, and to learn also that he intends to work on for the benefit of all anglers. His main points were the continuance of a cheap privilege ticket, the renting of good waters, larger contributions to preservation societies, not forgetting the Benevolent Society's improving the breed of fish in our rivers, and then a fishery bill, freeing the public parts of public rivers from vexatious riparian claims. These are items worth working for, and if the association continues to increase its strength, with such a good staff of officers as it has now, we need

not despair of seeing its programme ultimately accomplished.

A correspondent wants to know where and how to get good jack fishing near London. I know of none within any short distance, unless it be the Thames or Lea. A number have recently been taken at Teddington, and nearly all the T.A.P.S. water will yield fish. The Welsh Harp water at Dagenham Lake might also be worth a trial.

GENERAL CHATTER.

Old-age pensions have become quite a burning question in the great centres of population. It would certainly be very nice to be able to look forward to a comfortable provision for the remainder of one's life on reaching, say, 65 years of age. But there are necessarily limits beyond which State benevolence could not go without imposing an intolerable burden on the community at large. Some of the projects which have come under my notice entirely overlook that consideration, and imagine that there are no limits to the taxing powers of the State. It is a fallacy; it can only use such powers to the extent countenanced by the community as a whole.

All will agree, too, that none but the deserving should be placed on the pension list. Here a grave practical difficulty presents itself: how are the black sheep to be differentiated from the white? It is all very well to say that the claimant should be called upon to prove that he had endeavoured all his life to put by a portion of his income for provision for old age and infirmity. But such a suggestion is tantamount to saying that a man, and as much as they can do to keep the wolf from the door. It would be very hard on these honest toilers if they were excluded from the sphere of State benevolence.

There is, I find, a widely prevalent notion that any parent who has three or more sons in the Army or Navy is entitled to either a gratuity or a weekly allowance from the Treasury. It may be well to state, therefore, that there are no grounds whatever for this popular belief. The soldier or blue jacket occupies certain specified conditions on his pension list, and these do not take the least account of parental circumstances. In many cases, the gallant fellows send little monetary gifts, from time to time, to the old folks at home, to relieve their necessities, but the State has nothing to do with that.

Never did I receive such a flattering compliment! An unapproprate virgin, who describes herself as young, good looking, fairly educated, and thoroughly domesticated, has extended her esteem for my literary workmanship to my own person. She feels certain that "General Chatter" would make a model husband, and she is equally certain that her own wife's credentials, she delicately suggests that union would be strength in our case. Unhappily, I could not avail myself of this tempting offer without committing bigamy. My fair correspondent will please to understand, therefore, that although "Barkis is willing," legal impediments stand in the way.

The political annals of this country may be searched in vain for anything to equal the complete demoralisation and despair which have come over the Radical party since the general election. Instead of facing the new situation bravely and frankly, the Radicals are carping at one another all along the line. Each section charges the others with spoiling the game by playing for their own hands, and this incessant bickering necessarily ruins discipline and renders it wholly impossible for Lord Rosebery and his colleagues to get the party in hand. Then, too, its Irish allies look on and draw away themselves, and there would assuredly be some faction fighting in the Isle of Saints but for fear of police batons. It is an unprecedented situation altogether, and one would give much to get a candid opinion from Mr. Gladstone on its probable outcome.

Whenever any member of the Stock Exchange cannot fulfil his monetary engagements, he is at once "hammered"—that is, expelled—his name being also sent to the papers for publication. It is severe punishment for misfortune, but not, perhaps, too severe. All the same, there is great unfairness in the whole matter. The Radicals are treating the clients whose default brought about the catastrophe. In many cases, brokers allow accounts to run on after "cover" is exhausted, trusting to their clients' sense of honour to make good any deficiency at the ensuing settlement. But when settling day arrives, no money is forthcoming, and the innocent party finds himself with the whole responsibility of paying other people's debts.

Drury-lane being in course of demolition—the western side is already cleared to a large extent—advantage should be taken of the opportunity to widen the whole line of communications between the south end of Tottenham Court-road and the Law Courts. Were this done, there would be much less need for the extremely costly thoroughfare which is proposed between Holborn and the Law Courts, and that expensive work might, therefore, stand over for a time.

The Sabbatarian fanatics appear to be in great force down at Walsall. The other day a whole crowd of tobaccoists and sweet-sellers were had up for Sunday trading, and only escaped punishment by promising never to repeat the offence. They should now take combined action against the local railways and omnibuses for breaking the law by carrying on business on Sundays. The magistrates would be bound to convict, thus arraying against the iniquitous law several powerful interests.

Earthquakes have lately become quite common in England; there seems, indeed, to be a sort of seismic epidemic raging. Possibly, quaking nerves may be largely at the root of the matter. In one instance which has just come to my notice, a supposed earthquake has been discovered, after announcement in the local papers, to have been caused by a steam roller. It is the fact that since these ponderous machines came into general use earthquakes have become very much more common.

That is a startling question, "Is life worth living in hell?" It has just caught my eye in a Manchester paper, and my curiosity was whetted until I made discovery that the shocker was merely the prelude to a commonplace advertisement of furniture. There was no connection whatever between the heading and the content; "have rhinoceroses sent time." Another sign of the increasing popularity of this sort of thing is the appearance of lovely fabrics specially manufactured for being made up into blouses, materials to suit every season and all manner of occasions, simple woollens for the morning, richer fabrics for the afternoon, such as bengaline,

either black or in rich dark colours, velvet, velveteen, plain and fancy, and lovely mixtures of silk and wool.

As to the blouse for evening wear, there are the loveliest creations in exquisite shades of silk with elaborate trimmings of chiffon, lace, and ribbons. These for demitasse or theatre going are usually made high to the throat, with delicate trimmings of lace and pearl passementerie; or, again, we have the evening blouse cut low, with short puffed sleeves and trimmings to suit full dress occasions. Indeed, what shape or form is there that the blouse bodice does not take nowadays!

The material for which there is a perfect rage just now for the afternoon blouse is printed velveteen, the Paisley shawl pattern, as I think I have told you before, taking the lead. Personally, I cannot say I specially admire it; it seems to me that in that particular pattern the mixture of colours introduced is by no means becoming to the general run of complexion, whereas a self-coloured velveteen or definite striped pattern will suit almost any one. Fair or dark, blonde or brunette, will have little difficulty in finding a shade becoming to their particular style.

A fashionable colour this season is a rich shade of crimson. It lights up well—an important point this for a winter afternoon blouse. There are some colours very lovely to look at by daylight that assume a dingy tone by lamplight. Another fashionable colour that lights up well is one of the new shades of purple. I would counsel my readers when choosing coloured material for an afternoon blouse at this time of year to see it by lamplight before purchasing.

The blouse bodice being undoubtedly an important mode of the moment, I do not need to apologise to my readers for devoting so many of my notes this week to that particular subject. A lovely blouse I met with in my ramblings after fashions the other day struck me as being a model home dress-maker might make a copy. The blouse looked at was a costly affair, although it was only composed of velveteen. The velveteen, however, was of the best quality. A blouse of the same description with quite as good material might be made at home for much less than half the cost of the ready-made article.

For a description of this particular blouse. It was a rich deep shade of crimson velveteen. The make, although simple, had an unmistakable air of style and smartness about it. It was intended to be worn underneath the skirt at the waist, a style that obtains very much just now for dressy blouses. The velveteen was arranged over a fitted lining, the back being quite plain. The front was draped at each side in soft folds. A very wide bow pleated went down the centre. The outer edge of the pleat was trimmed with a row of tiny cut steel buttons, a row of larger buttons going down the centre of the pleat. The sleeves, with huge drooping tops, had close fitting under sleeves trimmed with rows of buttons to match the front. The neck and waist had been cut of folded satin in a paler shade than the velveteen. They fastened at the back with butterfly bows.

One other strikingly handsome blouse I must tell you of was worn at an afternoon "at home" over a skirt of blue rayon. It was of striped velveteen; alternate stripes of old gold and black. The yoke and neck band were of old gold satin covered with cerise guipure lace. The striped velveteen was set into the yoke back and front in small pleats, and finished at the waist with a short full basque. The sleeve tops were gathered into long cuffs of old gold satin covered with guipure.

Winter millinery this season is decidedly handsome. Hats and bonnets are fashioned on bold lines, and are as a rule becoming. Shades of purple are immensely fashionable, from the palest mauve to the deepest plum colour. Many of the fashionable hats and bonnets are found on velvet foundations, sometimes plain, sometimes richly embroidered with beads and coloured sequins. Jet is largely used in the trimming, mixed with osprey, ostrich plumes, and flowers.

Hats as a rule, and indeed, many of the fashionable bonnets, are huge, their size being considerably increased by the trimming. A fashionable style of trimming is to have a full pleated ruffle of velvet or ribbon standing up round the crown of a wide brimmed hat with an ostrich plume at one side and a spray of flowers at the other. It is easy to be one's own milliner nowadays, and requiring no great trimming hat or bonnet can be had ready-made—mounted sprays, bows of ribbon, and velvet-pleated ruffles, all ready for neat and tasteful fingers to arrange on untrammelled foundations of velvet or straw.

MR. WHEELER.

The Stanley Show has proved a big success, the attendance being phenomenal and of particularly good classes. The prizes in waiting outside the hall reminding one more of the Military Tournament than anything else, whilst I am assured that the gate takings have exceeded all previous records.

I am bound to say that I was disappointed with the motor vehicles. The one which had been run a good deal in France was absurdly heavy, the workmanship being more in the style of an omnibus than a carriage. I wonder what the hood, with its thick leather and iron fittings, weighed, let alone the splash boards and other parts of the carriage. Any decent maker of cycles could build a carriage to take all the fittings and all the luggage, and weigh 60 to 70 per cent. less.

On the Gladiator stall was a naphtha cycle which interested me much, and I believe that it is likely to be privately tested to the satisfaction of sundry persons more or less interested ere long.

The much-discussed American cycles were on view, but they are not calculated to set the Thames on fire. Far from it. To begin with, they were absurdly wide in the tread, the enamel not in it with first-class English work, and few, if any, of the wood-rimmed wheels were true. The machines shown were very light, quite suitable for running over asphaltum roads, and specially selected stretches of road, but very unsuitable for anything else. An English-made racer would stand the same work with ease. There were no gear cases, mud guards, or anything else of that sort, and apparently no provision was made for fitting the gear case. No doubt the Americans make wheels which satisfy their customers, and the only conclusion to be arrived at is that their users do not ride as do our cyclists.

A special note of warning has been struck with reference to trading with alleged cycle firms in Holland, Amsterdam especially, where there are quite a number of persons "well known to the police" who are only too anxious to deal with English houses with unsatisfactory results as far as the latter are concerned. So it is well to forego the pleasing prospect of big business in Holland rather than make a heavy loss in that direction.

Fortunately, "Wheeling" gives us a picture of the oldest level of chains which is the same lines, but even more ingenious, than is Mr. Simpson's invention. All the material points of the later chain are to be found in the former, whilst the rear pulley wheel is decidedly more clever than the later design.

I am interested to hear the views of the few enthusiasts as regards the earlier design, verily, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Yet another invention, a pneumatic hub this time. We have had two or three pneumatic hubs this side, and we know all about them. They will not wipe out the pneumatic tyre at present, any way.

The Bath Road Club dines at the St. James's Restaurant, under the presidency of the Marquis of Queensberry, on Dec. 13.

At the forthcoming National Show the Juno cycles, made by the Metropolitan Machine Company, exhibited in the central transept, are certain to attract a large share of attention. All patterns have been carefully brought up to date, and, having in view the wide spread of cycling amongst the fair sex, the company will have staged two new patterns in ladies' cycles. The second grade lady's safety is of very high class, the juveniles are also very carefully catered for during the past year as a mount for riding to or from school. Full details of all these cycles are to be found in the very full and exhaustive catalogue which is published by the Metropolitan Machine Company, and which can be obtained at the stall during the show.

The annual supper of the West Roads C.C. is appointed, I am informed, to take place at the Crown and Sceptre Hotel, Holland-road, on Dec. 31, 1895. Cider and dainties will follow at Addison Hall on Jan. 16 and Feb. 27. Tickets are obtainable of the hon. Mr. Beer, 14, St. Mark's-road, West Kensington.

I have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following criticism from a West-end correspondent, but hold to my own opinion all the same. I note your reference to wood man, and can only say that you are in error from inexperience with them. As you are desirous of being set right in this matter, it is to this end I am writing to you. I have a machine that has, among other trips, made two from Land's End to John o' Groats. During one trip, i.e., through the middle of last August, eight days of continuous rain, and consequent mud were encountered; during the second trip, two and a half days of mud and rain had to be negotiated. As you know, this is a good give-and-take course, and, while making no comment on the rider or other circumstances, if you feel so disposed you can see the machine for yourself and draw your own conclusions as to the condition of the rims, which are not the best, in my opinion, now on the market. While I hold no brief for wood rims, I have, after 17 years' riding, adopted them, and shall use them on a tandem I am now having built."

CHARGE OF PERJURY AGAINST A MAJOR.

The charge of perjury against Major Logan Edgar was concluded at Bow-street. It was alleged that defendant had committed perjury during the hearing of a former suit, in which a Mr. Chamberlain was defendant, by swearing that Chamberlain had obtained £250 from him for a certain business without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt. Further evidence having been given, Mr. Vaughan, in dismissing the case, said he did not think he ever remembered a case of perjury supported by such doubtful evidence.

MRS. GORDON'S CASE.

In the New York Extradition Court, Herbert Krahn, who was arrested there under the name of Russell, while attempting to dispose of some Canadian Pacific Railroad stock, was again brought up. The allegation against prisoner is that he stole the scrip from a Mrs. Gordon, at Brighton, London. The preliminaries had already been completed, and an order was made for the accused to be handed over to an English detective officer for immediate extradition to London.

A ladies' concert in connection with the Owl Club was given this week at Cannon-street Hotel. Mr. H. Fairbank, on whom an inquest was held, as a printer's labourer. Deceased was a printer's engineer, and carried on business in Old-street, St. Luke's.

A concert in aid of the funds of the Waterloo Railway Servants' Mutual Aid Society was held in the Constitutional Hall, North Lambeth. The musical arrangements were conducted by Mr. Alfred Wood. The society will largely benefit by the concert.

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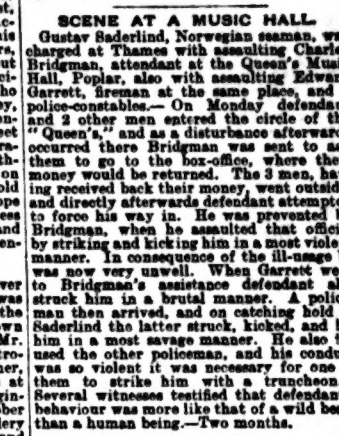
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MARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.
Rev. Father Black has sent a petition to

and the Chancellor, Dr. Tristram, to appear before his grace, or before a competent court, to answer charges of having offended against the laws ecclesiastical with respect to the marriage of a divorced person. Father Black states that in August last Dr. Tristram granted a license for marriage to a bachelor and a lady, described as a single and unmarried person, by a New York court only 15 days previously. He alleges that at the time Dr. Tristram was aware that that decree had been given under circumstances which would not have entitled the lady to a divorce, namely by English law. He further contends that the license was outside Dr. Tristram's powers under his patent, which patent Father Black also challenges. He also states that the license was outside the bishop's powers, inasmuch as it was issued in a place in itself null and void, and incapable of being contracted in. In the petition the lady is represented to be the canonical wife of a husband from whom she was divorced in 1871. It is stated that the husband of the lady, the respondent, was then registered in her maiden name as a spinster, and that her canonical husband and an illegal husband are both living.



LYNCHING IN AMERICA.

WHY FUGITIVE KILLED BY THE MOB.

By a party of variety a white man had been killed by a mob of white men. The man named Perdue, accused of assault on a white woman who assisted him in his school. Hick's Station, Georgia, was dragged from goal on Nov. 23 by a party of his supporters' neighbours, who cut his throat. The body was discovered in the woods adjoining the school. The white men, who were Professor Perdue's friends are convinced that he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. —Another lynching case is known to have occurred on Nov. 23. Jack Yarborough, a negro convicted of the murder of a white girl, Josie King, was on his way to the 3rd Mississippi State Prison. He was shot to death when he was captured by a mob at Brownhaven, and hanged to a tree. Yarborough generally believed to have been innocent. The mob refused him time to say a prayer before he died. —Lastly, it is rumoured that 2 other negroes, charged with the robbery of a mail train, were hanged at Greenwood, Carolina, have been lynched. Accordingly, however, to the latest trustworthy report a party of desperados was on its way to a goal in which the prisoners were confined.

RECENT FIGHTING NEAR ZANZIBAR.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a correspondent of "Morning Post" with the East African squadron:—"Lamu, Oct. 30.—We are at Lamu at present, but some of us are about to start for Sakauanga to form a guard force against the Riongo, who are ashore at Mombasa for protecting the mission in case of attack. The affair will soon be over as Mbarati's followers are gradually coming in and giving themselves up. It appears some Sikh troops are coming out from India and if they don't shift the insurgent force back to Yemen, there will be a serious accident here. The Widgeon went prize firing, but to everybody's surprise returned early in the afternoon. She was one of the other ships for a cutter to meet to hospital. It transpired that the cutter crew, who are now on patrol, the powder when an explosion occurred throwing all the men on deck, badly injured them. During the night the powder on an able seaman named Fry, succumbed, was buried this afternoon with naval honours. The explosion was a serious one, occurred through the gun not being properly charged; a particle of fire must have got in it. The other injured men are recovering favourably."

THE JONESES AND THE CARPENTERS

William Carpenter, of Falstaff Borough, florist, was charged at Southwark with assaulting Caroline Jones, fur of Falstaff Yard, and George Jones, shop of the same address. Joseph Jones, of Cuckoo-bush, was committing the offence, as was also charged with assaulting Homer Carpenter.—Mr. Sydney appeared for Carpenter, and stated that there was a long standing tie between the Joneses and the Carpenters, and various disputes of had from time to time occurred in the course of the court. Recently several monks for assault had been decided unfavourably to members of the Jones family and the result was a grand rift in the family. The Carpenters were the party in which a party of roughs locally known as the "Hooligans" took an active part. Various casualties were sustained in the engagement. Carpenter's head was hit with an iron weight and he was stabbed with a knife on the brow. Jones was knocked down and kicked, and the girl was stabbed in the ribs. After Jones was knocked about a bit, and after several

of the parties had been surgically treated at the hospital, the two men now charged with the duty of looking after the station. After a number of witnesses, Mr. Peppercorn sentenced Carpenter to 2 months, and Jones to 1 month's hard labour.

G.O.M. AND THE LABOUR PARTY

Mr. Gladstone in Rochdale, who formed the G. O. M. at the station. "After the movement, has received the following :- "I thank you for sending me the free press which I know to be possessed of great abilities, and I sympathise with the desire to place the labour movement on a firm basis; but my hands are quite full with other work, and I cannot now comprehend some of the process now taken on behalf of labour. If I take the late election at Rochdale as a sample of them, I must own that the action of John Bright in Rochdale was a very unfortunate one, resulting in giving sorrow, and not comfort. I cannot be fully acquainted with the case, but I would have hoped so."

AND seen that it was a two-masted schooner, the red ensign reversed, the usual mark of distress. A closer examination, the steamer rapidly approached, showed it craft bore in silt livens on her stern words. "Modus Vivendi, St. John's," the sails were double reefed, and the rudder made fast with chains. There was no life about her, however. Capt. Potbury, a boat's crew, in charge of an officer, boarded the schooner. They found sail apparently been deserted. There was cargo in her hold, but everything was shape and neat, and seemingly new. She was not taken in any water. There were no provisions on board. In going up for the Massachussetts, the schooner, as she was left floating on the ocean.

LAST WEEK'S LAW AND POLICE.

FORGED TELEGRAM CASE: CURIOUS POINT.—Lord Chief Justice and Justice Mathew, Vaughan Williams, Wright, and Bruce, sitting as a Court of Crown Cases Reserved, had before them a curious point in the case of the Queen v. Riley. It was stated that the prisoner Riley was now undergoing sentence, having been tried before Justice Kennedy at Manchester Assizes. The case stated by Justice Kennedy for the consideration of this court showed that Henry Riley, together with another man named Walden, was indicted before him on a charge, that on July 1 last at Manchester they feloniously caused and procured to be delivered and paid to George Crompton and Samuel Redcliffe, by a certain forged telegraph, a telegram purporting to have been delivered at the Royal Exchange Post Office for transmission to the head post office in Manchester. The indictment was brought under the 38th section of 24 and 25 Vict. chap. 98, and in the course of the trial it appeared to be open to question whether a forged telegraph was a "document" within the meaning of the section, and the point was reserved for this court. Riley pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to 9 months, Walden being acquitted.—Counsel appearing for the prisoner now contended that this telegram was not an "instrument" within the meaning of the section, inasmuch as it was not a legal document by which any right or obligation was created or transferred, or by which any property was transferred or money paid. He submitted that an "instrument" must be such a legal document. Some argument took place, but their lordships reserved the matter so that they might be able to consult with Justice Kennedy as to the actual nature of the point reserved for their decision.

AS INCH WORM CASE.—Before Mr. Justice Bowen in the Chancery Division the case of Bernal v. Bagnall came on for hearing. The claim had connection with certain iron works at Oldbury, Worcestershire.—Defendant's counsel said that he had reason to believe that nobody was instructed to appear upon the other side, and he asked that the action should be dismissed with costs.—No body appearing upon the other side being recalled, it was dismissed with costs.

ASSAULT ON A BOY.—The Court of Crown Cases Reserved heard a point arising out of an assault on a youth named Victor Grantley by a man named Thomas Gaunt, who was convicted at the Hunts Quarter Sessions. The information upon which the man was before the justices was laid by a police sergeant, and the case for the court's consideration now was whether Grantley, being above the age of 14 years and of sound mind, he should not have laid the information originally. The man Gaunt was committed for trial and convicted, but sentence was postponed, pending the decision of this court.—Their lordships affirmed the conviction.

IMPORTANT PNEUMATIC TYRE CASE.—Mr. Justice North, sitting in the Chancery Division, has been engaged for nearly 2 weeks in hearing a case of great importance to the cycling trade. The action is that of the North British Rubber Co. (formerly known as the North British Tyre Co.) against the tyre makers, the former of Edinburgh and the latter an American corporation, with offices at Coventry. The plaintiffs sought to restrain the defendants from an alleged infringement of the plaintiffs' Clinch tyre. The patent enables a rider to readily detach the outer cover of his tyre to get at the inner tube to repair it in the event of puncture. A great body of evidence was called on both sides, but the matter being an intricate one, his lordship reserved his decision.

City of London Court.

THE COMMISSIONER ON COUNTER-CLAIMS.—Mr. Osborn, solicitor, applied that in the case of Klincenstein and Schubach v. J. B. Murray, Gresham-street, that he might be allowed to enter a counter-claim. It was a claim for £119.15.6d., three months' interest at 6 per cent. on £1,350 lent money, and for £37.10s. being three months' interest on £1,350. The defence was that the whole amount of the mortgage money was not really advanced, and the defendant desired to claim damages for breach of covenant by the mortgagee (the plaintiff), who had agreed to make certain advances on the production of the architect's certificate, but had failed to do so, and had also received the rents.—Mr. Commissioner Kerr refused the application, remarking that counter-claims led to nothing but confusion. They were generally defences set up against honest demands to gain time. If defendant's solicitors would take his advice they would abandon counter-claims on all occasions. If he was satisfied that there was a honest claim for money payable into court, and to be kept there for a certain time, or to be paid at a future date, in order to allow defendant to bring a separate action. He always set his face against counter-claims. His opinion might differ from that of the High Court, but he had the worst possible opinion of them.—Application refused.

Middlesex County Sessions.

SAVED FROM PRISON.—George Richardson, 38, was brought up for sentence on three charges of breaking into counting-houses at the Green Lanes Station (G.N.).—Mr. Littler said this was a serious offence, but in the hopes of saving him from a life of crime they would bind him over to come up for judgment when called upon on the condition that he went with Mr. Wheatley.

A CAREER OF CRIME.—James Betts, 32, labourer, was sentenced to 3 years' penal servitude and 4 years' police supervision, for stealing a horse, value £110, for 20 years. Betts has lived by crime. He started in 1875 with 6 months' followed in 1877 by 6 weeks; in 1880, 18 months; in 1882, 3 months; in the same year 5 years' penal servitude; in 1887, 5 years' penal servitude; and in 1892 to 12 months.

LONG IN CUSTODY.—Geo. White, 45, who had been in the service of Baron Leopold de Rothschild, was sentenced to 14 years' hard labour for stealing a watch belonging to the baron of the Cock Tavern, which she had placed upon the bar temporarily. He had been in custody since Oct. 26.

(Before Mr. Loveland-Loveland.)
FOWL STEALING.—Geo. Anderson, 60, dealer, was found guilty of stealing 3 fowls, value 7s. 6d.—There were 4 similar convictions against the accused, who was sentenced to 12 months' hard labour.

BURGLAR AND THE LADY.—George Ellis, 40, printer, was indicted for breaking and entering the dwelling-house of John Mackenzie, Holmwood, Burlington-road, Chiswick.—The case for the prosecution was that on Sunday evening, Oct. 28, the house was left unoccupied, and Mrs. Mackenzie went to church, but becoming ill she went home and saw a light in a top front room. Thinking her brother-in-law was at home she called "John." Getting no answer, she went in and called again, and was answered, "Yes, I'm coming," and prisoner and another man rushed down the stairs. She caught the prisoner, who struggled violently, and raised a jemmy to strike her, but the other man took it. The struggle continued, and Mrs. Mackenzie was pushed out. She remained her hold of the prisoner, and pulled a

piece out of his coat. Assistance arrived and the prisoner was detained. The other man got away, and the jemmy was found. Several things were stolen.—On the part of the accused, Mr. Purcell said his client tried to assist in the apprehension of the burglar, but Mrs. Mackenzie seized him and the piece was torn out of his coat.—The jury found the accused guilty, and Walker Cook proved the following convictions:—1870, 9 months; 1871, 4 months; 1872, 3 months; 1873, 7 years' penal servitude and 7 years' police supervision; 1888, 15 months; and 1890, 7 years' penal servitude and 5 years' supervision. Of the last term there is 20 months unexpired.—Sentenced to 5 years' penal servitude.

Bow-street.
MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Elizabeth Smith was charged with stealing.—The prosecutor, Cecilia Andrews, of Stamford-street, deposed that on Oct. 19 prisoner met her in the Strand and commenced abusing her. Then she seized her watchchain, broke the watch off, and ran away. Witness went to Bow-street and made a complaint. While she was there the watch was brought in broken. It had cost £4 15s., and she had to pay 30s. to get it repaired. On Friday night she saw prisoner again and gave her in charge.—P.C. 17 E.R. who made the arrest, said that at the station he found that the prosecutor's description of the offender did not tally at all with the appearance of the prisoner. She had been described as fair, and 5ft. high, whereas the accused was dark, and barely 4ft. 6in. Besides the prosecutor had been drinking.—Mr. Lushington considered it a case of mistaken identity, and discharged the prisoner.

NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER.—The old knife-grinder, William Wheeler, who was brought to the court some weeks ago in a state of destitution and relieved by Mr. Lushington, and on whose behalf a warrant had been received, attended to thank the magistrate and the missionary for their kindness. There was a marvellous alteration in his appearance—he looked quite 15 years younger, and was well clothed and well fed. He told the magistrate that he had got another knife-grinding machine; he hoped to start work on Monday, and was certain he could get his living.—Mr. Lushington expressed his pleasure at this, and asked the missionary to keep his eye on him.

ATTACK ON A WIFE.—Owen Collie, 49, labourer, of Elm-place, Pimlico, was charged with assaulting his wife.—The prosecutor, whose head was much bandaged, said early that morning, as she lay asleep, her husband suddenly got up and commenced beating her about the head with a poker. When she awoke she found him on her, and he called out the prisoner dropped the poker and took hold of one of her boots, with the heel of which he belaboured her until she rushed screaming from the house.—Mr. Sheil: Is your son here?—Prosecutor: No, he would not come.—Prisoner told his wife that he was always paid on a Friday. He was going home to the bank on Friday evening, but he was not ready for him.—Mr. Sheil: I dare say he's tongue partly causes these blows, but she says you assaulted her with a poker and a boot.—Prisoner: Nothing of the sort.—P.C. 198 B, who took the prisoner into custody in consequence of the woman's shrieks of "Police" and "Wife," said that he had been previously the parties were quarrelling in the street.—A brother of the prisoner gave evidence, but Mr. Sheil said he did not believe his statement that prisoner only beat his wife with his fist.—Remained in custody.

Retirement of Inspector Aldridge.—Mr. W. Aldridge has just retired on a pension after completing 26 years' service in the Metropolitan Police Force. The officer commenced his career in the force in the Vine-street district in 1869. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant in 1882. Six years later he was made an inspector and served the greater part of his time in that capacity in the D (or Marylebone) Division. He had been successful in capturing many well-known criminals, and was regarded as a smart and intelligent officer.

CAPTURE OF ALLIED BURGLARS.—Joseph Savage, 25, and W. Mitchell, 24, were charged with burglariously breaking into No. 3, Wellington-terrace, Baywater-road, with intent to steal.—P.C. 292 F said that he was in Palace Gardens when he saw the prisoner Savage going in the direction of Baywater-road. When Savage got to the shop of Messrs. Morris and Co., tobaccoists, 3, Wellington-terrace, he looked up and down the road to see who was about. He then walked in the direction of Notting Hill Railway Station, where he was joined by Mitchell. They returned, and seeing witness, passed the shop. The constable followed them, and meeting P.C. 211 F up the road the prisoners were stopped outside Palace Court and taken in custody. They denied the charge, and were taken to work.—P.C. 209 N said the prisoner Savage was in custody recently on a charge of burglary, but the judge, taking into account the fact that he had been in custody six weeks, sentenced him to two days' imprisonment.—Committed for trial.

West London.

SMART CAPTURE OF SUPPOSED THIEVES.—George Carter, bicycle maker, and James Stanley, coach trimmer, were charged with being suspected persons. The charge was in police to rob the house occupied by Mr. C. Bennett, magistrate at Marylebone, who resided in Loxham Gardens, Kensington.—P.C. Barnaby deposed that on Friday he was in plain clothes, off duty, when he saw prisoners in Loxham Gardens. Stanley looked up at an empty house, Carter opening the gate and going down into the area. When he came up he walked into Loxham Gardens and stopped at 116, which was another empty house, next door to Mr. Bennett's residence. He watched the movements of prisoners for some time, and then lost sight of them. He went to the station and reported himself on duty, and obtained the assistance of another P.C. He returned and again saw prisoners go to 116, Loxham Gardens. Witness and the other constable dressed themselves up as fishmongers' assistants with baskets, and went down several areas to watch. Prisoners walked about the gardens for some time. In one area the servant was alarmed at their rough appearance and screamed. This alarmed prisoners, who on seeing witness, ran off. He lost sight of prisoners for 25 minutes and during that time he believed they dropped their "tools," as there were marks of a jemmy upon one house. He saw prisoners again and arrested them.—Det. sergt. Dyson said he was in the station when prisoners were brought in. While in the dock Bramley attempted to eat a piece of paper which was taken from him. It was found to contain the numbers of houses in Loxham Gardens, and other roads in the district, and all were on searching the boy's clothing were empty. In one house a large quantity of jewellery was stolen.—P.C. Barnaby exhibited a large pair of worsted socks found upon Stanley, used to wear over boots.—Remanded.

Lambeth.

FALL OF HOUSE IN LAMBETH.—Mr. J. W. Godfrey, from the Solicitor's Department of the London County Council, said he had an application of some urgency to make. His

worship was no doubt aware that on Friday morning two houses collapsed in the Westminster Bridge-road. All the traffic had been stopped and the remaining portions of the houses were in a very dangerous state. He asked for summons against the owners of the two houses. The Council would have to take action for the removal of the remaining portion of the structures.—Mr. Denman granted the summons.

South-Western.

YOUNG THIEVES.—George Attoe, 13, Worples Way, Wandsworth, was charged with stealing a number of eggs belonging to Joseph Saunders, cheesemonger, of York-road.—Prisoner was caught filling his pockets with eggs from a box outside the shop.—Mr. Hopkins said he had no alternative but to convict him for being a thief, and fined him 5s. or 14 days.—Vincent Noltram, 13, and William Helps, 12, both living with their parents at Battersea, were charged with stealing 4lb. of butter belonging to the Alliance Dairy Co.—The butter containing the butter and other articles was left unattended at Battersea Rise, and during the absence of the errand boy the lads helped themselves.—Mr. Hopkins ordered a warrant to receive six orders for a birch rod.—David Millan, 15, of Woodgate-street, Nine Elms, was charged with being found in the possession of 1lb. of tea, two packets of starch, a piece of bacon, and 11 boxes of matches, supposed to have been stolen.—Fined 10s. or seven days.

ALLEGED VIOLENT ASSAULT.—Henry Feltham, labourer, living in Knowles-road, Battersea, was charged with a warrant with assaulting Robert Farrell, lodging-house deputy.—Complainant produced a poker and towel roller, and said he was assaulted with both. Prisoner and another man asked him for beer, and he replied that he had no money. Prisoner then said to his companion, "Let us turn him up. We can get a pint out of him." They were proceeding to carry out their threat when he seized the prisoner and hit him with a towel roller. This was taken from him, and prisoner, it was alleged, used it about his head, cutting it open.—Remanded.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A BOY.—Mrs. Caroline Adler, 15, Lower Fenton-street, Commercial-road, asked Mr. Dickinson's advice respecting the disappearance of her son Theodore, aged 12, who had been missing since Sept. 22. On the night of that day he left home, and had not since been seen. He had always been a good boy, and the police had made every inquiry, but without success. The lad's description was as follows:—Very fair, light blue eyes, small scar at bottom of nose, and large scar on lower part of back. At the time he went away he was wearing blue trousers, black jacket, and a black cap. He was a stout, healthy-looking boy, and had a large scar on his forehead. Mr. Dickinson advised that the lad's description was as follows:—Very fair, light blue eyes, small scar at bottom of nose, and large scar on lower part of back. At the time he went away he was wearing blue trousers, black jacket, and a black cap. He was a stout, healthy-looking boy, and had a large scar on his forehead. 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ALLEGED MARRIAGE AGENCY FRAUD.

CLERK'S AMBIGUOUS EXPERIENCES.
At Bow-street on Monday, Mortimer Daniel Skates alias Daniel Mortimer, Amott-road, East Dulwich; John Charles Skates, alias Charles Harrington, Mecklenburgh-square; Norman Golding Hennah, Calthorpe-street, Gray's Inn-road; and John Abraham of the same address were charged on remand with conspiracy and fraud in connection with the World's Great Matrimonial Agency, Limited. Mr. Gill, who prosecuted, said that since the last hearing a very large number of letters had been found addressed to Miss Burford and Miss French, and as they were unopened, counsel suggested that these ladies really had no existence. Mr. C. C. Q.C. (who defended J. C. Skates), explained that the names of ladies were necessarily at first untried until applicants were found bona fide. Henry Charles Sutton, a youthful clerk, living at Marlborough-street, Birmingham, was the first witness called. He stated that in March last he answered matrimonial advertisements received by the World's Great Matrimonial Agency. He wrote to inform them that he was 30 years of age, tall, dark, of military appearance (laughter) and a clerk in a warehouse with board wages equal to £15 a week. He intimated that he

WANTED A LADY OF EMBROIDERED CARRIAGE, and with due hair, she must have an income of at least £100 a year. He then received a letter from the association stating that if he became a member he would be introduced to ladies specially selected. Other correspondence followed, and he eventually paid £1 6s. 6d., and promised to pay a similar amount on satisfactory engagement being entered into. He received a receipt for his money, and the particulars of 3 ladies, supposed to be in want of a husband. The letters to them were to be addressed to "The Negotiator," care of the association. A letter, which was signed "The Negotiator," was put in, and it stated that Miss Burford, one of the ladies written to, wanted a copy of witness's photograph. He sent one through "The Negotiator," then he received a letter stating that the association would require a fee of £10 for arranging the marriage, this being described as a special offer. He did not send the money, and he received a letter stating that Miss Burford returned his photograph, and preferred to wait a few days before entering into correspondence with him. In the meantime, he received a letter from "The Negotiator" stating that the association were desirous of arranging an early marriage for him, and would send him the names of

SPECIAL SELECTED LADIES. Later he received a list of ladies. There came a letter stating that in Bow-street, London, he had been deceived, and had come to the conclusion that the matter was not suitable for him. A long correspondence followed, and more names were furnished to witness, with no result, and he threatened the association with legal proceedings. In reply to further questions, witness said he had received numerous letters, and, amid much excitement, produced a number. These were handed to Mr. Cohen, who read a letter from a Miss Adams, who said she was an orphan. She possessed £170. Mr. Cohen read a letter from witness in which he said, "I want to get a situation in an accountant's office at £1 a week; but I want to practise the flute as much as possible." Witness then said there were other members of the family who play. (Loud laughter.) Witness said that he eventually wrote to the young lady saying that for many reasons the

CORRESPONDENCE HAD BETTER CEASE. It was better than keeping her waiting. He wanted a wife with £100 a year, and she had not got it. Mr. Cohen: I am afraid, Mr. Sutton, that you don't realise the disappointment of the young ladies who have been corresponding with. This association is said to be a bogus one, and yet here are letters from 30 ladies they have introduced to you. There are all sorts and sizes. The colour of the paper is different, but none of the writers was good enough for Mr. Sutton, the military-looking man of 18. (Laughter.) Witness declined to give the names of the firm by whom he was employed, but it was afterwards written down, and handed to counsel on the understanding that there should be no annoyance caused. Mr. Chittock, of Somerset House, produced documents to show that the World's Great Matrimonial Agency, Limited, was registered on Jan. 25, 1895, and that the memorandum of association was signed by John Adams, Mortimer Daniel Skates, described as

A MARRIAGE NEGOTIATOR; William Vernon, and Frank Allan Gould, advertisement contractor. There was a contract between John Charles Skates, proprietor of the "Matrimonial Herald," and Hennah, Skates was to receive £20,000 in fully paid-up shares of the association for the copyright of the "Herald," and his share in the business of matrimonial negotiator, and to act as managing director at £1,000 a year. John Adams had 11 shares, Mortimer Daniel Skates the same number; John Charles Skates held 3,890; and Hennah and Madders five and three shares respectively. The London agents were remanded for a week.

BRAVE POLICEMEN REWARDED.

At North London, Mr. Taylor presented certificates from the Royal Humane Society (together with pecuniary gifts) to 4 officers of the Metropolitan Police for exceptional bravery in saving life from fire. The officers were P.S. Croston, P.C.'s Tipping, Battray, and Hardy. Chief-insp. Parsons introduced the men, and handed in details of the deeds to be recognized. In the case of Croston, on May 19 last a fire occurred in Rectory-road, Stoke Newington, but it was not discovered until the staircase was well alight, and escape by that means rendered impossible. The sergeant climbed up the sun-blind on to the coping, and got the family—father, mother, and 3 children—out of the first floor window to a place of safety. In the case of the 3 constables, they were engaged from a burning house in rescuing a family promptly and courageously at Dresden-road, Upper Holloway, on May 6 last, and then returned and materially aided in extinguishing the flames. Besides the framed certificates, the sergeant had £35s., and each of the constables £15s.—Mr. Taylor, in addressing the officers before a full court, said it must have been apparent to any one who had heard the details of their bravery that they had done deeds of which any man might well be proud. And he could say that while there were men in the Metropolitan Police ready to risk their own lives to save others, as these had done, there was every reason to be pleased. These men had acted in a manner calculated to do honour to any body of men in the kingdom; and he had the greatest pleasure in presenting awards which had been so extremely well earned.—Sergeant Croston returned thanks for self and colleagues.

Early on Thursday the lifeless body of Isabella Booth, daughter of a Corporation employe, living at Southend, was found suspended from a rafter in a coal-shed, the rear of her parents' house. She had been low-spirited for some time.

THE MOTHER MORRIS has found that her little one is improved more by the pleasant laxative Syrup of Figs, than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true and original Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and is sold by all chemists everywhere. In 16, 16c, and 25c. See label—CAUTION.

SIR H. PONSONBY'S FUNERAL. The remains of the late private secretary to the Queen, Gen. Sir H. Ponsonby, were interred on Tuesday at Westminster Abbey with military honours. The Queen was represented by the Duke of Connaught, the German Emperor by Count Eulenberg, and the Emperor Frederick by Baron Eckhardstein. The coffin was carried into the church by men of deceased general's regiment. The Bishop of Winchester conducted the service, assisted by the local clergy. Simultaneously with the funeral at Westminster, a service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales attended, and the anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was sung by the full choir of the chapel. A special service was also held at Windsor in the private chapel, among those present being the Queen, the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the royal household. The Dean of Windsor officiated, and the choral portion of the service was sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel, the anthem being "Brother, thou art gone before us!" and the hymn, "Now, the labourer's task is o'er." During the service the bell of the Curfew Tower was tolled.

EAST-END WATER Famine. As the result of the recent water famine in the East-end of London, a bill will be promoted in Parliament next session by the L.C.C. to repeal the clause in the East London Water Company's Act, 1883, which exempts them from the 35th section of the Waterworks Clauses Act, 1862, the effect of the Parliament sanctioning this bill the company will come under the operation of that section which enacts, "that the company shall provide and keep in the pipes laid by them a supply of pure and wholesome water sufficient for the domestic use of all the inhabitants of the district within their limits of supply who shall be entitled to demand a supply, and shall be willing to pay for the same, and such supply shall be constantly laid on at such a pressure as will make the water reach the top storey of the highest houses within the said limits." To secure compliance with this section the bill will provide that the penalties for failure to give a proper supply shall be recoverable by the L.C.C.

DROWNED IN THE DOCK. Mr. Lewis held an inquiry at Cannon Town concerning the death of John Welch, 20, a seaman, belonging to the Emily Millington, of Bunoon, Cheshire.—The evidence showed that on the morning of Nov. 23 Welch was assisting to make the schooner fast after entering the Victoria Dock, when he lost his life and fell into the water. When the body was recovered life was extinct. The man was unable to swim, and 4 of the crew who were called as witnesses were in the same position.—The coroner remarked that it ought to be made compulsory that every one should be able to swim before going into the service.—Accidental death.

STARVED TO DEATH. At Highgate, Margaret Green, a young married woman, now in the Barnet Workhouse, was summoned for neglecting her child Reuben, aged 1 year and 10 months.—The case for the prosecution was that defendant was the mother of 3 children, of whom Reuben was the youngest. For days the children were left, and were much neglected. Some neighbour took the child, which was only the size of a doll, to the hospital, and the doctor said it was starved, but the defendant took no notice of what was said. The child eventually died, and then it was found it had been starved to death. It weighed but 6 lbs., whereas the normal weight of a child of this age was from 16 lb. to 20 lb.—Drs. Hicks and Hochee said there was nothing to cause death but starvation.—Defendant said she did her best for it.—Adjourned.

BLACKWELL COLLIERIES EXPLOSION. The inquiry into the cause of the explosion at a pit belonging to the Blackwell Colliery Co., near Alfreton, which resulted in the loss of 7 lives, on the 11th inst., was resumed on Wednesday. The Home Office was again represented by counsel. Mr. Stokes, inspector of mines for the district, gave the results of his official examinations of the pit after the disaster. He stated that the most severe examination failed to detect the presence of gas. His opinion was that the firing of a shot on the south main haulage road was the primary cause of the explosion, and that the flames from this shot ignited the coal dust, and it travelled right and left until it was exhausted. The road before the shot was fired had been watered, but the amount of water used was inadequate to meet the requirements of the Act. Contrary to the evidence of the colliery officials, he considered that the mine was dry and dusty within the meaning of the Act.—The inquiry was concluded on Thursday at Alfreton on the bodies of 7 victims of the recent explosion at Winning Pit of Blackwell Colliery. After 2 hours' consultation the jury returned a verdict that the explosion was caused by an overcharged shot of gunpowder, but evidence failed to clearly define what the secondary cause was, that is to say, whether it was due to coal dust, a mixture of coal dust and gas, or gas alone. No blame could be attached to the company, but the jury believed that all concerned would benefit by their experience of the calamity.

COLLIERS CHARGED WITH MURDER. James Morgan and George Morgan, his brother, with George Hill, young colliers, of Walsworth, near Lye, Forest of Dean, were charged with the murder of Colford, charged with murdering Sgt. Morris, at Lye, and attempting to murder P.O. Cornelius Harding, of Blackway, at Vasey Hall, on Nov. 11.—The evidence in chief was that of Sgt. Harding, who said that prisoners turned upon them, charging the officers with following them, and saying they "would not be done home." Then George Morgan, a big, strong fellow, armed at a belt with a dagger, and on that prisoner moving his arm witness saw the dagger fall to the ground dead. Harding fought with all 3 prisoners till a blow under the jaw from George Morgan knocked him down and he was away. He allowed, but fell down exhausted.—Mr. Williams, solicitor for the defence, contended that, as no evidence of malice aforethought was adduced, prisoners should not be committed on the more serious charge. Evidence of the prosecution in respect to George Morgan should not be regarded as evidence against the other 3 prisoners.—The chairman said the court would commit the 3 prisoners on the charge upon which they appeared.

The "Social Democratic Weekly" of Berlin will cease to appear at the end of the present year.

Six men were injured through an explosion of gas at the Poplar Gasworks on Wednesday. The names of the injured are—two Mr. Travers Payne, Hill, Sheppard, and one other, whose name is unknown. They are now inmates of the Poplar Hospital, but are in no danger, and it is hoped that they will be able to leave the hospital in a few days.

A correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" says:—Maitre Pouillet, batonnier of the order of advocates, has been giving much excellent advice to the junior bar. "Do not," he said with admirably good sense, "allow yourself to be hypnotised by the Civil Code and the Code of Procedure. Go out into the world, see all the new plays, read all the new novels, and then you will have some chance of not boring the judge when you come into court."

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OLD LADY BURNED TO DEATH.

The coroner for Deal held an inquest on Thursday on the body of Miss Frances Smith, 67.—From the evidence of deceased's landlady, it appeared that on hearing the bell ring, she went upstairs, where Miss Catherine Smith was calling for water. The sofa and deceased's clothes were alight, and despite efforts of the landlady and sister they were unable to put out the flames. It was very difficult to obtain water as the pressure appeared so low. When Engineer Denne of the fire brigade arrived, the room was in flames and it was impossible to save the deceased, for the landlady and sister had been unable to drag her from the room. Capt. Denne of the fire brigade said the water arrangements as a "Chinese puzzle."

Verdict, accidental death.

SMART LAD AND MAGISTRATE.

A small boy, aged 13, who gave the name of Charles Roberts, but whose address did not transpire, was charged at Marlborough-street with begging from foot passengers in Piccadilly.—After a constable had given evidence of seeing the lad begging from a gentleman, Roberts, speaking like a Hyde Park orator, said, "Your worship, it is all making-up on the part of the policeman. You have only his word, which you will of course take more than mine. He has got to prove that he found me begging. A man came up to me and asked me for a light for his cigar as I was lighting a cigarette."—Mr. Plowden: Go on, go on; you defied yourself splendidly. You impress me very much. You had better cross-examine the policeman—perhaps you can impress him.—The lad cleverly cross-examined the constable, and again addressed the magistrates: "I had been to my uncle's and aunt's to fetch some money to take home. As I was coming along Piccadilly on the back of a cab, a policeman said, 'Hallo! What are you doing on there?' I got off and crossed the road to light a cigarette, and a gentleman asked me for a light. Two policemen caught hold of me—one each side."—Mr. Plowden: It is all made up.—Hoy: Well, three parts of it.—Mr. Plowden: There's one part not made up; I must convict you upon that part. I am not going to send you to prison. You are a very smart and intelligent boy. It is a pity you waste your time in trying to bolster up a bad case. I advise you to give up the streets, and if you get into trouble don't try to be too clever. Go away, and be a good boy.

JUDICIAL ADVICE.

At South-western, a woman asked Mr. Cluer if she was bound to pay the rent of her house when it was rendered uninhabitable by the visitation of a number of rats.—Mr. Cluer: You should have examined the house before entering it. I am not responsible for the rent. You had better destroy the rats. Send for a ratcatcher.

ALLEGED CHEQUE FRAUDS BY A

At South-western, George Berry, 14, son of an architect, was brought up, charged with obtaining £6 from Edward Haynes, grocer, of St. John's-road, by fraud. It appeared that prisoner entered prosecutor's shop and gave him a letter containing a cheque drawn for £6 for Messrs. Lubbock and Co.'s bank, the letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Haynes, and signed by him. Mr. Berry, who was known to prosecutor as a customer, asking him to cash it. Prosecutor, not doubting its genuineness, cashed the cheque and handed prisoner the money. The cheque was returned from the bankers marked "No account." Prisoner, who was arrested by Det.-sergt. Thorley, denied having been near prosecutor's shop.—Sergeant Thorley said prisoner had given him a letter in trying to find a man who had given him (prisoner) a letter and cheque to take to another tradesman, but which had not been cashed. He knew nothing against the boy, but his father had done no work for 4 years. Two other charges against prisoner were entered upon, and he was remanded.

SEQUEL TO THE STRAND EXPLOSION.

At Bow-street, the owner of 24, New Church-court, Strand, was summoned by the L.C.C. to show cause why he should not be liable upon a put down section portions of the south party wall in cracked and defective, and out of the upright.—Mr. Godfrey, who appeared for the council, said the work was rendered necessary by the recent explosion in New Court.—Mr. Pedder, owner, said he would be pleased to do the work.—Mr. Vaughan made an order.—The owner of 23, New Church-court, was summoned to show cause why he should not be liable upon a put down section portions of the north party wall should not be taken down.—Defendant in this case did not appear, and in his absence the magistrate ordered the work to be done forthwith.

A GUNNER'S GALLANTRY.

An inquest was held at Hoo, near Chatham, concerning the deaths of Corpl. Clarke and Gunner Haycock, who were drowned whilst boating.—The evidence disclosed great gallantry on the part of the two men. Clarke, a young man, was swimming ashore despite the darkness, finding that the other three occupants of the boat had not been able to follow him, he jumped into the creek again and swam to the opposite shore. Here he found Master-Gunner Owen insensible, and carried him to a house, thus saving his life.—Accidental drowning.

The Bishop of Winchester has consented to become a vice-president of the Misons to Seamen.

Mr. Smith Barry, M.P., was on Thursday entertained at a complimentary dinner by the St. Neots Constitutional Club, in celebration of his return for the third time as M.P. for St. Neots.

The steamer Galicia, which left New Orleans on Nov. 16 for Hamburg, was found to be on fire on Monday night, when 300 miles east of Boston. She thereupon steamed for that port. Capt. Pietsch reports that he confined the fire to the main hold, but he believes the cargo of cotton and grain has been wholly injured. The steamer was warped, and the steamer otherwise damaged.

A demonstration was held on Thursday at the Foresters' Hall to celebrate the return of Mr. H. C. Richards at the general election, and was very largely attended, over 2,500 persons having accepted the invitations of the Primrose League Committee. In the course of a speech Mr. Richards asserted that he attributed his success to the votes of the wage-earners, who lived in the Guinness, Peabody, and other model dwellings (which form over one-third of the constituency), whilst in the tenement houses not one in three were friends of the cause of law and order.

A meeting was held in the Geological Museum, the Duke of Devonshire presiding, to consider the proposal to erect a memorial to the late Professor Huxley. A resolution in favour of the project was proposed by Lord Kelvin, seconded by Mr. A. J. Balfour, and carried unanimously, and a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions and make arrangements for placing a statue in the Natural History Museum, and founding a medal in connection with the Royal College of Science, any surplus funds to be devoted to the furtherance of biological science.

CAUTION.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of coughs and colds are often caused by the use of cheap and inferior remedies. Parents should use Doan's Kidney and Bladder Pills. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of urinary trouble. In 16c, 25c, and 50c. See label—CAUTION.

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YOUNG WIFE'S SAD DEATH.

THE DOCTOR SENTENCED.
At the Central Criminal Court, George Wright, divisional police surgeon, surrendered to his bail to answer an indictment charging him with the manslaughter of Gertrude Fletcher, wife of a tradesman in the Holloway-road.—Great interest was manifested in the case, the fact that few weeks previously Mr. Mathews explained that the case was of very considerable public importance because the allegations against the accused were that, having been engaged to attend deceased, he was grossly and culpably negligent in the discharge of his duty, and indicted in the case from which the woman died. Dr. Wright had been in practice for 30 years, and was a man of high qualifications. It was alleged that he presented himself at the entrance in a condition that called for general remark. What it was attributable to the jury would themselves have to judge. After the infliction of the injuries 2 other doctors were called in—Dr. Whitehead and Hennah. The child's life was saved, and the accused suggested that a specialist should be summoned to attend the woman, who, however, died 2 days afterwards. Subsequently Mr. Fletcher intimated that he intended to have a post-mortem examination of the body, and invited Dr. Wright to send a representative, but the accused replied that he was content to leave himself to the fairness and honour of his own profession. At the inquest the prisoner testified that he had been ill since February, suffering from the effects of influenza, insomnia, and loss of appetite.—The case for the Crown having closed, and it being intimated by Mr. George Mathews that he intended to call witnesses to the facts, Mr. Mathews proceeded to address the jury on the evidence for the prosecution, and submitted that, having regard to all the surrounding circumstances, it was impossible for the jury to arrive at any conclusion other than that the prisoner was guilty of manslaughter.

Dr. Wright was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, and was in consequence responsible for the woman's death.—Mr. Carson, addressing the jury for the defence, expressed the regret that prisoner felt at the death of deceased woman, and went on to contend that prisoner could not be convicted, as there was an entire absence of the evil mind necessary to draw a broad line between criminal and civil negligence, and to remember that the case, in its results, was everything to prisoner. Whatever their verdict was, even a verdict of acquittal, to prisoner this case might mean professional ruin. At least they would spare him one thing—though ruined by misfortune and misadventure, the proclamation to the world that he was a criminal. His lordship then summed up. He did not regard the evidence of the alleged intoxication of accused as strong enough to advise the jury to act upon it. If proof had been adduced of intoxication, it could not be disputed that the prisoner would be liable. The question for the jury was whether the prisoner, in the full possession of his faculties, was guilty of such gross and culpable negligence that he caused death. Mere error of judgment would not suffice to warrant a conviction.—The jury returned a verdict of guilty.—Mr. Carson, on behalf of prisoner, said he had testimonials from former patients and kindred, and that he was a man with a large family, his prospects were now ruined, and he had suffered already very severely. As his lordship had heard, there was pending still a civil action against Dr. Wright arising out of the same matter. He was desirous of making pecuniary compensation to the aggrieved parties. He suggested, therefore, that sentence should be postponed until the next sessions, in order that some settlement might be arrived at with respect to that action.—His lordship said he did not regard these grounds as sufficient to justify a postponement. Prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labour.

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LARGE RED SPOTS

CAUSED BY IMPURE BLOOD CURED BY
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or present, by inspection, and it will be found that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Read this:-

"Having suffered for the last six months with impure blood, I had tried everything up to the time I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and had been treated by a doctor, but found little or no relief. I was covered with large red spots all over my body. By the time I had taken half of the bottle I was much better, and before I had finished the bottle all the spots had disappeared. I was suffering very much from rheumatism, and am very pleased to say that I am cured of that also. I have a good appetite, and am sleep well."—JOHN H. BROWN, Jr, Longwood, Edinboro.

FREE FROM SCROFULA.
NO MORE SCALES ON HEAD AND LIMBS
SINCE TAKING HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, WHICH
BROUGHT PERFECT HEALTH.

"Dear Sirs—I write to let you know what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I was troubled with scrofula, and the doctor said it would be a long while before I would be free from the trouble. I had been afflicted with it on and off for about nine years, but last year it came on

WORSE THAN EVER.

It appeared on my limbs, whereas before it had come on on my head. The flesh became inflamed and white crusts formed on the same. But now I am glad to say I am free from the complaint, having taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot tell how glad I am to be well again. My case is known to a great many, especially to my shipmates, and they rejoice with me over my recovery, for they were sure I should have to stop work.

I AM PERFECTLY WELL

again, and it seems as though I had new limbs. I will never be without Hood's Sarsaparilla, and shall always have a good word for it."—W. CHAMBERS, M, Cranbourne street, Seagrave-road, Leicester.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA
HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is sold by chemists, at 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. Orders by post will be promptly filled if accompanied by a stamp of 1s. or postal order. Address C. L. HOOD and Co., 35, Broad Hill, London, E.C.

HODGKIN'S PILLS. After dinner and family chat
ADVICE GRATIS.

Do you experience the feeling that somehow or other the
 is something wrong, for which you are at a loss
 account; that without feeling positively ill you feel that you
 are not up to the mark? Business affairs, that a short
 time ago were thought nothing of, now worry and annoy
 former pleasures are now turned boro, the hand tremble
 and your handwriting is not what it was; on looking at
 white object appears dark before the eyes, or occasionally
 blueish disc appear. Head is first and disquieted by
 light irrita ble and restless, and your friends inquire
 is the matter with you. Appetite is capricious, and you
 disposed to sleep after food, the least noise startles, and you
 feel that the next report of a cannon will kill you. There
 are Headaches or Neuragic Attacks, and desire not
 to be left alone. Need you will not accept the veriest
 remedy deeply you cannot, while as to going from any
 place, you must put the question, "If you have any
 of these symptoms, then are you suffering from

NEURALGIA,
OR NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Now, as to the advice. Never attempt to procure sleep
 Chloral Sulphate, Preparations of Opium, Chloroform or
 other disguised form of Morphia. These answer for a time

But the effect soon wears off. And on each occasion an
 increased quantity has to be taken. Thus Alcohol in any shape
 or form as you would a serpent, if it strikes reduce the life of
 the victim. If you do not know how to stop it, stop it by ab-
 stinence, or, better still, leave it all altogether. Get a box of
 Guy's Tonic and a box of Guy's Fruit Pills, and take
 a teaspoonful of the Tonic three times daily and two or three
 of the Pills once or twice a week, and in a surprisingly short
 space of time you will find quite a different being. This is the
 Guy's Tonic, as this has been the experience of thousands of
 Guy's Tonic is the most efficacious Nervine Restorative
 known. It is highly recommended by Medical Men, and
 wards of 3,000 Testimonials bear witness to its efficacy.

Guy's Tonic may be had of Chemists and Stores throughout
 the world.

SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE.
 FOR COUGHS
 No medicine so effective as
SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE
 FOR COLDS
 The ideal remedy is
SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE.
 FOR ASTHMA
 For relief and cure, none so equal.
SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE
 FOR BRONCHITIS
 The most stubborn cases succumb to
SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE.

FOR PULMONARY TROUBLE.
The direct action upon the throat, chest, and lungs immediately arrests the inflammation and relieves the most distressing symptoms by cutting the phlegm and forcing the cough and breathing organs.

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FOR CHILDREN.
It is especially recommended, being of a pleasant soothing nature. It gives the little sufferer the comfort of a night's rest and relief.

SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE.
Is prepared from the best and most reliable roots in the Vegetable Kingdom, and is free from dangerous poisons. You may kindle a fire with it, without harm, everywhere. Price 2d. by Mail, and 3d. per bottle.

E. SKUSE, LONDON, W.

DON'T COUGH—JUST USE
DON'T COUGH—JUST USE
DON'T COUGH—JUST USE
DON'T COUGH—JUST USE

"A SIMPLER FACT." Ask throughout the world in any country that can be named, and find that **KATINGS' LOZENGES** are largely sold. There is universally no reason that is so speedily in giving relief, so easy to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
 "ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU"
 "IS NO better cough medicine than **K**EATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief,
 health, cure, and they WILL NOT injure
 will. Sold every where in *1896*, time,
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY.
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY.
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY.
THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY.
HAIR DESTROYED
 PERMANENTLY and Absolutely by an entirely New

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